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THE LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

A JOURNEY BY COACH.

No. IV.

Coach-horses—What do they think of the Coach?

Hounslow, its Thieves and Gunpowder—Desideratum in Fighting—The Wheat of Heston—singular fertility of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire in illustrious Memories—Extinction of the Highwayman.

WHEN a coach sets off again from its stoppage at an inn-door, there is a sense of freshness and re-commencement; the inside passengers settle themselves in their corners, or interchange legs, or take a turn on the outside; the outside adjust themselves to their seats and their bits of footing; the young woman looks, for the ninety-ninth time, to her box; the coachman is indifferent and scientific; he has the ease of power in his face; he shakes the reins; throws out a curve or so of knowing whip, as an angler does his line; and the horses begin to ply their never-ending jog. A horse's hind-leg on the road, to any eye looking down upon it, seems as if it would jaunt on for ever; the muscle works in the thigh; the mane at the same time dances a little bit; the hock-joint looks intensely angular, and not to be hit (it is horrible to think of wounding it); the hoof bites into the earth; wheels and legs seem made to work together like machinery; and on go the two patient creatures, they know not why nor whither, chewing the unsatisfactory bit, wondering (if they wonder at all) why they may not hold their heads down, and have tails longer than five inches; and occasionally giving one another's noses a consolatory caress. It is curious to see sometimes how this affection seems to be all on one side. One of the horses goes dumbly talking, as it were, to the other, and giving proofs of the pleasure and comfort it takes in its society; while the other, making no sort of acknowledgment, keeps the "even tenor of its way," turning neither to the right nor left, nor condescending to give or receive the least evidences of the possibility of a satisfaction. It seems to say, "You may be as amiable and patient as you please;—for my part, I am resolved to be a mere piece of the machinery, and to give these fellows behind us no reason whatsoever to suppose, that I make any sentimental compromise with their usurpations over us."

Horses in a coach must certainly be the most patient, or the most indifferent, or the most unthinking of animals. The mule seems to have an opinion of his own; he is not to be driven so easily. The dog passes a horrible, unsatisfied time of it under the butcher's or baker's go-cart. Harnessed elephants would be inconvenient. They would be for readjusting their buckles, and making inquiries, with their trunks, into the behaviour of the postilion. They might, to be sure, help with the other trunks, and perform the part of half horse, half hostler. The Llama of Peru has inconvenient tricks, if you ill-use him; and so has the camel. But the horse, when once he is ground well into the road, seems to give up having any sort of mind of his own—that is to say, if he ever had any, except what his

animal spirits made to be mistaken for it; for the breeding of horses is such in England, that, generally speaking, when they are not all blood and fire, they seem nothing but stupid acquiescence, without will, without curiosity, without the power of being roused into resistance, except, poor souls! when their last hour is come, and non-resistance itself can go no further, but lies down to die. We dock their tails, to subject them to the very flies; fasten their heads back, to hinder them from seeing their path; and put blinkers at their eyes, for fear of their getting used to the phenomena of the carriage and wheels behind them. What must they think (if they think at all) of the eternal mystery thus tied to their bodies, and rattling and lumbering at their heels?—of the load thus fastened to them day by day, going the same road for no earthly object (intelligible to the horse-capacity), and every now and then depositing, and taking up, other animals who walk on their hind-legs, and occasionally come and stroke their noses, kick their bellies, and gift them with iron shoes?

Well, circumstances drive us, as we drive the horses,—perhaps with as many smiling remarks on the part of other beings at our thinking as little of the matter:—so we must be moving on.

Hounslow (the stage we have now come to) is a good place for setting us upon reflections on horse and man, not merely by reason of the number of accommodations for both those travellers, but because of its celebrity at various times for its horse-races, its highwaymen, and its powder-mills. The series of heaths here, from Hounslow to Bagshot, are the scenes of the favourite robberies and stage-coach alarms of the last century. The novels and Newgate Calendars are full of them. Nor is the district without its historical minacities. Here poor James the Second got up a camp to resist his subjects with, and must needs take his Queen and his daughter Anne to dine there, to let them see how victorious he was going to be; nay, he wrote to the Prince of Orange upon the fineness of his troops; which the latter accordingly came over to congratulate him upon, as William the Third.

"Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, Sir, this evening upon the heath?" says one of the heroes of the 'Beggar's Opera' to their noble Captain Mac-HEATH; who derived his title, observe, from that ground of his exploits:—"I drink a dram now and then with the stage-coachmen, in the way of friendship and intelligence; and I know that about this time there will be passengers upon the western road who are worth speaking with."

And then follows a generous conversation about honour and fidelity, with certain glimpses of the interior of their cabinet-policy; and the meeting concludes, instead of a ministerial dinner, with that glorious song, 'Let us take the road,' the music of which is justly "borrowed for the occasion," like a crown-jewel, from Handel's 'March in Scipio.' We dare confidently appeal to any ingenuous reader, who has heard it sung, and who has seen those "great irregular spirits" in their exaltation and ragged coats, passing by their leader with step and chorus, and taking their hats off, one by one, to his own elegantly lifted heaver, whether there is much difference, if any, between those mutual acknowledgments of energy and a great purpose, and others which take place on more public occasions. For

our parts, we confess, as Sir Philip Sydney did of the ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' that we never hear it but we feel our "heart nerved as with the sound of a trumpet;" and it raised a late noble lord twenty-fold in our opinion—nay, let us see that he had a truly "statesman-like" view of things, and an heroic cast in his character, when we heard that he was a great admirer of this song and of the whole opera. We have been told that he not only applauded it in public, but would get ladies to play it to him on the piano-forte, and hum over the airs himself with an exquisite superiority to his incompetency.*

Hounslow Heath is not a place which the old gentleman in the play would like to live in, who made such a fearful construction of a metaphor in a letter, and was always fancying that he and his were "a'l to be blown up." A very serious blowing up does in fact occasionally take place here, strewing the limbs and heads of the manufacturers of gunpowder about the place, as if in rebuke of their trade. It is a pity that science does not hasten that most blessed of all its discoveries, which was talked of the other day, and which is to settle any two contending armies in ten minutes, by blowing them respectively to atoms! They have only to meet, it seems, and give the word, and at the first explosion they are abolished—that is to say, provided one of them does not contrive to speak first:—so that war would be reduced to a race for the first word, and the most precipitate speaker be the conqueror crowned with laurel. In a little while it is clear that there would be no war at all; and then mankind, out of pure unheroical necessity, would be forced to be reasonable in their disputes, and let common sense be the arbiter. At present the grand thing is, to say, "You lie," and "You lie," and then to fall pell-mell together by the ears, and be the death of thousands of your fellow-creatures, to the sound of drum and trumpet. There is something fine in this undoubtedly, especially for those who have to pay for it, or who are burnt, maimed, slaughtered, ravished, or sent to the hospital, in the process. But somehow it puts the very conquerors upon grave faces, and makes them feel like slaves to an evil thing, and keeps up the belief in the "vale of tears;" and people in their senses and cool moments prefer the idea of a healthy condition of humanity, and a game at cricket on a green.

Hounslow Heath is to the left of our road:—let us give a glance to the right, and refresh ourselves with thinking of that peaceful, agricultural district stretching

* Lord Castlereagh. We forget who told us the anecdote, and are not in the way of ascertaining the truth of it; but we have heard other stories of his good-nature, that render it likely. His Lordship, like so many other statesmen of all parties, was the victim of a perplexed state of society, which seems of necessity to divide a man into two contradictory beings,—the public and the private; and, unfortunately, he did not see that this state was a transitory one, and not the inevitable condition of humanity. It is not likely indeed that he would refine upon this speculation in ordinary, or perhaps think of it at all. He was too busy; and, as it appeared to him, too successful. But there is no knowing how much thought and wonder crowded into his brain before he died, and found him unprepared to entertain them. Peace to his memory and his mistakes, and to those of all of us! In spite of his errors, he had something noble in his nature, as well as in his countenance. We shall never thoroughly know how to master the circumstances that make us what we are, till we learn to leave off fighting with, and reproaching one another.

ing from this parish to Harrow-on-the-Hill, and famous for the finest wheat in England. Queen Elizabeth had her bread from it. Fuller has recorded one end of it in his prose, and Drayton the other in his poetry.

"The best (wheat) in England," says Fuller, "growth in the vale lying south of Harrow-on-the-Hill, nigh Heson (Heston, the parish in which Hounslow lies), where Providence for the present hath fixed my habitation; so that the King's bread was formerly made of the fine flower thereof. Hence it was, that Queen Elizabeth received no composition from the villages thereabouts, but took her wheate in kind, for her own pastry and bakehouse."

"As Coln 'came on along, and chanc'd to cast her eye

Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands so high,
She Peryvale perceiv'd, prank'd up with wreaths of wheat,
And with exulting terms thus glorying in her seat: Why should not I be coy, and of my beauties nice,
Since this my goodly grain is held of highest price?
No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,
As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fertile
leas;" &c.

Drayton's Polyolbion, Song XIV.

Hounslow, whatever be its reputation, is in a truly glorious neighbourhood. Draw a circle of a few miles round Windsor, and you have Cowley at Chertsey, Pope at Twickenham and at Windsor Forest, the Earl of Surrey in the Castle, Gray at Stoke Poges and at Eton, Milton at Horton, and *Magna Charta* at Runnymede. Buckinghamshire and Berkshire (with the exception of London) comprise perhaps the most illustrious district in England, unless Shakespeare alone raises Warwickshire above them; and the road in this quarter leads even to him, besides visiting Chaucer by the way. But Chaucer is also to be found in Berkshire, at Donnington Castle; Spenser in Buckinghamshire, at Whaddon, with his friend Lord Grey, to whom he was secretary; Shakespeare himself (as far as one of his most living creations is concerned) at Windsor, with Falstaff and the Merry Wives; Milton at Horton aforesaid, where he passed much of his youth; and, besides others before mentioned, we have Hampden at Hampden, Burke and Waller at Beaconsfield, Hooker at Drayton-Beauchamp, Cowper at Olney, Denham at Cooper's Hill, Hales, Wotton, and half the education of England, at Eton,—the whole weight of Windsor Castle and its memories,—and at Wantage we have Alfred the Great, a world of a man in himself. Doubtless there are more honours for the two counties; but we happen to be writing without the first volume of Fuller, and these are all we can recollect. They include three out of the four great poets of England, as regards residence of some duration—a thing that can be said of no other district of equal length, the metropolis excepted; and it is curious, that within a segment of it, the very names of the towns and villages seem resolved to be literary and renowned, comprising Denham, Drayton, Cowley, Milton, Hampden, and Penn. We are mistaken if we have not seen a stage-coach enter London with three of these names upon its panel,—we think Denham, Drayton, and Cowley.

We have omitted to observe how completely the Macheath order of highwaymen has gone out,—he who used to be mounted on horseback, and stop coaches, and put half a dozen people in fear of their lives. Guards, rapidity of driving, and other facilities of self-defence, the publicity of the roads, quickness of communication, &c. have extinguished him. He is as completely abolished as the wolves. No more can he swagger and bully, and call himself Captain, and seduce inn-keepers' daughters, and be hung like a man of spirit. He is a sneaker now round the gaming-tables; or rides on the coach which he used to stop, and fishes bankers' conveyances.

* * *Worthies of England*, vol. ii, p. 34.

[To be continued.]

FRENCH AND ENGLISH COXCOMBS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.— NATIONAL ENMITIES.

We know not the state of coxcomby at the present moment among our French neighbours. Of late years they have been accused of affecting something brusque, and different from their former manners, as an evidence of nationality; or where this is not exhibited, of valuing themselves upon a certain gravity and profundity of thought;—very different pretensions, at all events, from those which the writer of the following remarks has recorded of them in his own time. And, curiously enough, the manners of the two nations, as far as their fops are concerned, would seem, according to this and some later accounts, to have changed characters. The English dandy of the present day bears, at any rate, a greater resemblance than otherwise to the Petit-Maitre here described; though it does not seem likely that the Frenchman of any period will so far forego the influences of climate and his vineyard, as to confound manhood or profundity of thinking, with the necessity of acting the English *Blood*; for such is the species of coxcomb which flourished when our authority visited this country in the year 1737.

The passage is taken from a translation of 'Letters of a Frenchman,' a work written on the English and French nations,—and written, too, as far as we have hitherto read, with as real a spirit of impartiality as can be looked for in the honest foreigner, and much like a gentleman. "The author, Monsieur l'Abbé le Blanc," says his translator, (not much better a one, by the way, than translators from the French are apt to be), "is a gentleman equally recommendable for learning, wisdom, and probity, who, by invitation of a British nobleman of the first order, accompanied him into England, in the year 1737, and remained full seven years among us. By this happy introduction he daily had the most favourable opportunities of conversing with persons in high life here; and his strong desire of knowing mankind led him to learn our language, and frequently to descend to the lower rank of people. And thus he seems every way qualified to be an observant spectator of our manners, customs, virtues, and vices, from the peer to the peasant."

The passage respecting the fopperies of the two nations, is followed by one upon their enmities. The believer in the growing humanities of the nineteenth century (one of a numerous body now) will be amused by what is said on this point by the good Abbé, so justly in some respects, so unwittingly of future times in others. The poorer classes in England no longer hate and ridicule the French, nor desire to be hated by them. The better knowledge of both nations, their acquaintance with each other's merits, and the consciousness that they, and indeed all civilized Europe, are gradually forming one large country of civilization, the barrier against barbarism, and ultimate doer of it away, have substituted with almost all thinking men a European sympathy for national antipathies,—feelings that might have had their use when knowledge was less. It is curious to see good-natured Steele brought in amongst the Abbé's examples of this prejudice, and the Abbé himself thinking it proper to be encouraged among the ignorant; as if it were not better to do away with the ignorance itself. But the best-natured people sometimes have the misfortune of appearing otherwise, when they think their friends or a principle in danger; and as to enlightening the "mob" (as it was the fashion to call the people)—nobody, a hundred years ago, thought that possible! Let us congratulate ourselves on the luckier age we live in, without crowding over the ancestors that, after all, helped to bring it about, and that were perhaps far wiser than any of us, as individuals, though they have begotten a wiser generation.

To despise pomp and prefer convenience to ornaments, is to have philosophy: but not to conform to established custom, and to affect to make a different

appearance from rational people of the same rank, is a sign of wanting it. As to dress, is it not ridiculous for a peer of the realm to appear cast in the same mould with a brewer; and does the same sort of apron which orange-peaches wear in the play-houses, sit well on a court-lady? I own that people of good sense professedly despise those who follow so extravagant a custom; and indeed there is great room to fear, that persons who deviate so far from their own condition, have imbibed the manners of those whom they make it their glory to resemble. If this affectation gives no suspicion of their baseness of soul, it is generally a proof of a little mind.

How whimsical soever this mode may appear to you, it is nevertheless regularly observed here by a sort of petits-maitres, very different from those of Paris, but neither less remarkable, nor less ridiculous. The true English petit-maitre is not he who copies after ours, but, on the contrary, he who makes a show of behaviour diametrically opposite to that of the French. Exquisite clothes, a singular equipage, jewels of all sorts, perfumes, patches, an affected tone of voice, little wit, much prattle, and a head void of sense, are pretty nearly the necessary qualifications of a French petit-maitre. A short bob-wig without powder, a handkerchief round the neck instead of a cravat, a sailor's waistcoat, a strong knotty stick, a rough tone and language, and affectation of the airs, and an imitation of the manners of the meanest populace—these are the characteristics of the English petit-maitre; and even such abuses partake of the general way of thinking of a nation. In China, where the sciences are in esteem, the smart young fellows always carry books under their arms, and an ink-horn round the neck; in a word, nothing has a nearer resemblance to our pedants than the Chinese petits-maitres. Complaint has been made that the conversation of ours is but a string of petty trifles; and that, unless the discourse runs of modes and snuff-boxes, plays and operas, they have not a word to say. That of the English petits-maitres is not more extensive, but it is of a quite different nature. Hunting, and other bodily exercises, taverns, and the most exorbitant debauches, are the subjects of it. A French petit-maitre is constantly employed in baubles: he ridicules everything that is serious, and is extremely serious on all mere trifles. He insists on presiding over fashions: sometimes he communicates new ideas to a ribbon-weaver, at other times he adds some graces to the facings of a lady's gown; in a word, Dr Chapt consults him, and he is the oracle of all the milliners and toy-shops of the Palais. The taste of the English petit-maitre is very different; he values himself more upon his rudeness than civility; the public diversions that are calculated for the dregs of the people, are the only ones in which he finds any amusement. He takes delight in mixing with chairmen, excels in boxing with them, and has the most exalted notions of this noble exercise.

After having laid before you the *ridicules* of the one and the other, I ask you, Sir, whether the powder à la marelle of the petits-maitres of Paris is not preferable to the dirty bob-wigs and heads of hair of those of London? A Frenchman, as here described in the mouth of an Englishman, is a *monkey*. Then who can wonder, if the creature I have put in contrast with him passes with us for a *bear*? 'Tis certain, at least, that human nature is equally degraded in both. What matters it whether a man resolves to resemble a monkey or a bear? From the moment he blushes to be a man, let us not hesitate to disclaim him in our turn. Whether Englishmen or Frenchmen, let us have no indulgence for the vices of our country; and let us not acknowledge for our countrymen, or even for men, but those who make use of their reason.

* * * * *

We hold politeness to strangers to be one of the virtues of our nation; yet 'tis one of those which the English dispute the most with us. You know it by those with whom you have lived. As much as they extolled the earnest desire you show to make their residence at Dijon agreeable to them, and the pleasures you procured for them at Mont-Bard;* so much have they complained of the cold reception they met with elsewhere. They have often told you, that a Frenchman is much better received at London than an Englishman at Paris; and I believe they told you the truth. But, if I mistake not, this proceeds less from the more or less estimable qualities of the people of the two nations, than from those of the countries themselves, which have not the same reciprocal allurements for their neighbours. Such as go abroad purely for amusement, seldom come into England. The prejudice runs against the climate, and London does not promise them pleasure enough to tempt them. The countries to which travellers seldomest go, are commonly those where hospitality is best kept up. Might not this be the reason of the great civilities shown to strangers in London? Few are seen there. If they are welcome to us here they are sought after. As it is not supposed that pleasure brought them hither, the people make it one, agreeably to deceive their expectations. Their curiosity is regarded as the effect of their esteem for the nation; and pains are taken to justify it. Many study

* The country-seat of the celebrated Buffon, to whom the letter containing these remarks on nationality is addressed.

to invent such amusements as may obliterate the memory of those which the climate refuses. They know that strangers generally come hither to see men, and each particular person does his endeavours to give the most advantageous notions of the whole body. In France this laudable emulation is not common. If some houses in Paris are open to strangers, how many are there where their presence is dreaded? Our behaviour towards them does not always come up to the fine speeches so familiar to us. Few take the trouble to do them the honours of the nation; each particular person is satisfied with giving them a good opinion of himself; and in this they do not all succeed.

However, in regard to the English, you will easily imagine, that the question here regards only that select number of men, who, in all nations, are made to represent them, because they are possessed of all their virtues without any mixture of their defects; for you are not ignorant to what degree the common people of London are rough, ill-bred, and especially enemies to the French. The great civilities done by the well-bred people are, perhaps, heightened by a desire to stone for the insults the populace are always ready to offer us, and which our very dress will sometimes occasion. The common people of Paris, without supposing them more civil, are of a milder temper at least; nay, the very reproaches that are thrown on them, bespeak the goodness of the character peculiar to them.

Moreover, here, as every where else, some of the vulgar are to be found in every rank and condition of life. What distinguishes men in the eye of reason, is their manner of thinking, not their rank. A grande has frequently the prejudices of the meanest mechanic. There are some heroes who cannot bear the sight of a Frenchman with tranquility. The English are vehement in all their passions. The antipathy to our manners is so strong in some of them, that a father has been known to disinherit his son for wearing a bag-wig! What weakness, what madness are not men capable of!

The bulk of the English nation bear an inveterate hatred to the French, which they do not always take the pains to conceal from us. I am sorry, for the honour of ours, I am obliged to allow that our thoughts of the English are hardly more moderate. We are, indeed, more cautious in our discourse; and perhaps, by looking closely into the matter, it would be found, that this hatred is more universal and violent in them: but let us sincerely acknowledge, that ours is always too strong not to be unreasonable.

I am not surprised that particular persons should hate one another: some are wicked, and, therefore, hate the good; others have been offended, and resentment rather proves the weakness, than wickedness of the soul. But that whole nations should hate each other (though the example of the Romans and Carthaginians, and even the experience of all time have taught us, that they are all more or less subject to those antipathies and aversions) is, in my opinion, the greatest cause of shame to human nature. The most deplorable consequence of national aversions, is, that, let them ever so unjust, the honest people are liable to them: they suffer themselves to be blinded like the rest by their prejudices. My lord — a person of the greatest probity, being at Paris, could never prevail on himself to sit at table with a Frenchman. Monsieur — could never speak calmly of the English. Mr Addison, who has very unjustly placed Guy Patin among our best writers, had just reason to complain of the unworthy manner this pretended philosopher has spoken of the English in his letters; where he is not satisfied with declaring, that they are a people which he abhors; but adds, that he looks on them among the nations of Europe, as wolves among the different species of animals. I would willingly make an honourable atonement in the name of my country for such an injury, without fear of its being disavowed; if such authors anywhere deserved the least regard. Guy Patin is justly fallen among us into the contempt which his prejudices of all kinds ought necessarily to draw on him.

The frequent wars between the two nations have kindled this reciprocal hatred, which has so long subsisted: their rivalship and jealousy in trade prevent its being extinguished in times of peace. If our neighbours carry their hereditary hatred to a greater length than we, 'tis partly the effect of their policy, which is very industrious in fomenting it. They think it their interest to render odious a power that alarms them: such were the principles of King William. Writers, whom he kept in pay, have filled the nation with the same principles, and the English have too well found their account in following them, to think of changing their notions. By their continual uneasiness, they seem to believe that we are in regard to them what the Persians were to the Athenians—that the king of France is the great king; hence this invincible aversion to the people who obey him, whom they suppose that they alone prevent from giving laws to the rest of Europe. How is this dread recocurable to the contempt they affect to throw on us? Had Sir Richard Steele any reason for representing the French so formidable, if it be true, as he assures us, that they will always tremble to meet the English sword in hand? They fall into many contradictions in regard to us. They fear, and yet despise us: we are the nation they pay the greatest civilities to, and yet love the least: they condemn, yet imitate

us: they adopt our manners by taste, and blame them through policy.

Let us, sir, leave to the mob the ridicule of those national hatreds: let us not espouse the passions, that are industriously instilled into them: they stand in need of them, since reason is not sufficient for their guide. These sentiments with the multitude hold the place of zeal for the public good: they do through hatred of their neighbours, what they would never do for the love of their country. Such are men; and policy consists in reaping benefit from their vices, as well as from their virtues. It employs their reason, prejudices, zeal, passions, everything, in a word, to attain the proposed end: but by turning private vices into public benefits, it does not justify them. The people of every nation are so many societies, which make part of the great one: and as each of them has its particular interests, so likewise they have one in common, which is that of humanity: and this is the first of all. Humanity is not less respectable in the stranger than in the compatriot. As Englishmen, or Frenchmen, let us serve our country: as men, let us treat one another as brethren. Let us bear no hatred to any but those who, of whatever country they happen to be, dare break through the sacred bonds, that bind men together.

LIBRARY OF A GENTLEMAN IN THE TIME OF EDWARD IV.

(From Burnett's *'Specimens of English Prose Writers.'*)

It is written on a scrap of paper, about seventeen inches long, and has been rolled up; by which means, one end, having been damp, is entirely decayed; so that the names of some of the books are imperfect, and the then price or value of all of them, is not now to be discovered. It gives an account of all the books he had, as it mentions those which were lent out at the time the catalogue was made. It contained only one book in print, the rest being manuscripts. An account of most of them is to be found in Warton's *'History of English Poetry'*, and some of them, when afterwards printed, in Mr Herbert's improved edition of Ames's *'History of Printing.'*

"An inventory of English books, of John Paston, made the 5th day of November, in the . . . year of the reign of Edward IV.

1. A book had of my hostess at the George, of the Death of Arthur, beginning at Cassibelan. Guy Earl of Warwick.
A Chronicle to Edward III, price . . .
2. Item. A Black Book, with the Legend of Lady sans Merci.
The Parliament of Birds.
The Temple of Glass.
Palatine, and Sciatius.
The Meditations of . . .
The Green Knight . . . worth
4. Item. A book in print of the play of . . .
5. Item. A book lent Middleton, and therein is Belle Dame sans Merci.
The Parliament of Birds.
Ballad of Guy and Colbrond.
. . . the Goose, the . . .
The Disputing between Hope and Despair.
. . . Merchants.
The Life of Saint Cry . . .
6. Item. A red Book, that Percival Robart gave me, of the Meeds of the Mass.
The Lamentation of Child Ipotis.
A Prayer to the Vernicle, called the Abbey of the Holy Ghost.
7. Item. In quires, Tully de Senectute, in diverse whereof there is no more clear writing.
8. Item. In quires, Tully or Cypio (Cicerio) de Amicitia, left with William Worcester, . . . worth.
9. Item. In quires, a Book of the Policy of T...
10. Item. In quires, a Book de Sapientia, wherein the second person is likened to Sapience
11. Item. A Book de Othea (on Wisdom), text and gloss, worth in quires.....
- Memorandum. Mine old Book of Blazonings of Arms.
- Item. The new book portrayed and blazoned.
- Item. A Copy of Blazonings of Arms, and the names to be found by letter (alphabetically).
- Item. A Book with Arms portrayed in paper.
- Memorandum. My Book of Knighthood, and the manner of making of Knights of Justs, or Tournaments; fighting in lists; places holden by soldiers; challenges; statutes of War; and de Regime Principum, worth.....
- Item. A Book of new Statutes from Edward the IV.

5th of November.

E. W."

BOAR-HUNT.—SNOW STORM, AND SINGULAR ESCAPE FROM IT.

[From *'Solitary Walks in Many Lands,'* published under the name of Derwent Conway, but really written by the late intelligent and amiable traveller, Mr Henry Inglis. It is a pity his writings are not collected. They are full of spirit equally manly and tender, enterprising and reflective; and would make a very agreeable set of pocket volumes. The author, in the instance before us, was living at an inn, where some Flemish noblemen and others had put up; and a boar-hunt was to take place in which he was to join. It did so; and the following is his account of it, with a sample of his style in making reflections, and relating collateral circumstances. The mode of his escape is truly dramatic, and would have done perhaps for one of our *'Romances of Real Life.'* You do not see how he is to get out of his perilous situation; and all of a sudden, the perplexity is undone in a manner equally natural, easy, and unexpected.]

NEXT morning, as soon as it was light, every one was astir, in expectation of the hunt; but every one speedily went to bed again; for as soon as it was light, it was seen that a snow storm had begun, which had every appearance of continuing. However, there was some consolation to the hunters in the circumstance; for, if the snow should cease next day, the sport would be more excellent than if it had not fallen at all; because, in that case, the prints of the animals' feet would be visible, and success would consequently be more certain. It snowed the whole day, and fell remarkably fast; so that by nightfall, it lay between two and three feet deep in the street.

It may easily be credited, that there were no inconsiderable yawnings among the barons, who were put sorely to their shifts how to get through the day; however, by dint of screwing off and on the barrels and locks of their guns, and examining and re-examining their shooting-tackle, and feeding their dogs, and watching the snow falling, the time was got over until the dinner hour. After dinner, the task was easier: Rhenish wine, coffee, and pipes, filled up the evening; until the primitive hour of nine, when all the inmates of the *Hotel de Pays-bas* retired to rest, in hopes that next day the snow might have ceased, and the frost continue; and so it proved. A boar, I have said already, is excellent eating,—so excellent that it is worth the trouble of hunting. On the continent, the eatableness of game is considered to be no small reason for the pursuit of it. I have frequently heard much wonder expressed, even among sporting characters abroad, especially in France, at the universal passion for fox-hunting which prevails in England. The constant interrogatory is, *Est ce qu'on le mange?* And they cannot understand why there should be so much eagerness in pursuit of an animal which cannot be eaten. For my own part, I am so little of a sportsman, that the flavour of the wild boar does somewhat enter into my calculations; though I cannot but admit that it savours considerably of the epicure, and much of the savage, to pursue game for the purpose of eating it. But the wild boar is a noble object of pursuit, independently of his adaption for culinary purposes.

In fox-hunting, there has always appeared to me a wonderful discrepancy between the means and the end. Scores of men, and horses, and dogs, and a solemn trysting place,—all to chace an insignificant little animal, not a match for the weakest of the dogs. But in boar-hunting, all this is reversed: there you have an enemy worth contending with; an enemy that will match two or three dogs, and as many hunters,—and not one enemy, but a score. So that in the preparation and equipment of a boar-hunt, there seems to be a just adaptation of the means to the end. The comparison may also be viewed in another light. A fox-hunt is all pleasure—all pastime,—such an exercise, in short, as any lady who rides well might engage in,—as far as toil and hardship are concerned; but widely different is the boar-hunt,—one walks twenty miles perhaps, through a thick forest, often knee-deep in snow; real fatigue must be encountered; torrents must be crossed; cold, often excessive, must be endured; and, when the enemy is found, it is not always an absolute rout—danger, to a certain degree, must be hazarded, and there are at St Hubert, several persons bearing marks of the fury of the wounded boar.

All the difficulties I have mentioned, excepting the last, I encountered on the day of the hunt. Being accustomed to walk, the fatigue I reckoned little of; but not being provided with such covering for the feet and legs, as the people of that country always employ to exclude water, the cold became scarcely endurable. Completely wet, and being obliged to continue walking knee-deep, at least, in snow, the cold constantly increased, until, through different gradations,—among others, that of extreme pain,—the feet and ankles became seemingly lifeless,

and a faintness came over the whole body, accompanied by a swimming in the head, and an inclination to lie down. Had I at this moment been separated from the hunters, I should certainly have fallen, never to rise more. One of them, however, observed my situation; and upon swallowing a glass of brandy, which he hastened to give me, I felt instantly renovated; the faintness disappeared, and an immediate glow was communicated to the feet. But this is not the danger to which I alluded in the title to this chapter.

After being thus renovated, I determined to make the best of my way back to St Hubert; for having already seen three boars killed, my curiosity was satisfied. The hunter explained to me the direction in which I must proceed; and told me I had not more than three miles of forest to go through, before getting into open ground. At first, I went merrily on; it was somewhat fatiguing indeed to walk in very deep snow, up steeps and down steeps; but had this been all, the difficulties would easily have been overcome.

When the hunt began, it was bright sunshine; about the time I left the hunters, the sun became obscured, and it continued to darken as I went along; the wind too had been quite still; now, it began to sigh among the trees; and shortly it came in gusts, stripping them of their featherly burden, and of their frail leaves together. This was the prelude of a snow storm, and I soon discovered that the flakes were falling not from the trees only, but from the sky also.

I continued to walk through the forest in the direction which had been pointed out; and after about an hour's walking, I came to the road which had been named to me. In this road,—little better than a broad forest track,—the snow lay extremely deep, and was falling thick, and occasionally drifting; my feet were quite benumbed again, and I had still six miles to walk before reaching St Hubert. The road was, however, obvious enough; and I hoped by walking fast and heavily, to prevent my feet from becoming more benumbed. After walking about two miles, the road emerged from the forest; but in place of difficulties being then at an end, as I had anticipated, I saw that they were insurmountable.

While enclosed in the forest, I had not been aware of either the extent of the storm or the violence of the wind; but, upon emerging from it, I found it quite in vain to attempt proceeding farther; the snow was drifting in clouds over the open heath, and with such violence, that it was impossible to keep the eyes open, or face the wind. There was no trace of any road,—all was equally white; I knew the heath to be full of moss pits, and trenches, and holes; and as it was difficult even to guess in which direction the road lay, to attempt reaching St Hubert seemed certain destruction. There were two alternatives left; the one, to seek shelter in the forest, and remain there all night; and the other, to retrace the road, and walk as far as Marche, a distance of about fifteen miles. The latter plan I at once perceived to be impracticable, for my feet were again nearly benumbed, night was approaching, and I had already walked more than twenty-five miles. I therefore determined upon the former plan, though with little or no expectation of ever seeing the morning.

I had just turned to enter the forest, when I descried something moving towards me along the road,—not at a great distance, but still indistinct, owing to the quantity of snow which was falling; I soon distinguished it to be a horse,—and alone; it had a bridle in its mouth, and some pieces of rope hanging from it. I intercepted it; and the snow being deep and the road narrow, I fortunately caught the bridle, I thought very little about what the horse was doing there, but I felt confident it was on its way somewhere; I therefore got upon its back; and fixing myself as firmly as I could, held down my head, and let it proceed upon its journey. It soon entered upon the heath, and took a direction quite the reverse of that which I should have chosen; and proceeded as fast a pace as the deep snow would permit. In less than an hour I was carried safely into the stable-yard of the *Hotel de Pays-bas*, to the infinite surprise of the hotel-keeper, who saw us arrive.

The horse belonged to the mail, a clumsy sort of cabriolet, which goes weekly to Liège, by way of Marche. It had left St Hubert about noon; but the postilion, having taken advantage of the great doings that were going on there, by coming in for an allowance of brandy, partly from this cause, and partly owing to the storm, had deviated from his road, and overturned the mail about ten miles from St Hubert. This horse had shaken himself free, and had chosen to return to St Hubert, rather than go forward to Marche; a lucky determination for me. So violent was the storm, that the hunting party did not return to St Hubert, but remained at Nassoué all night,—a village which was fortunately at no great distance when the storm commenced.

CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. XXXIII.—THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

'THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR' is no doubt a very amusing play, with a great deal of humour, character, and nature in it: but we should have liked it much better, if any one else had been the hero of it, instead of Falstaff. We could have been contented if Shakspeare had not been "commanded to show the knight in love." Wits and philosophers, for the most part, do not shine in that character; and Sir John himself, by no means, comes off with flying colours. Many people complain of the degradation and insults to which Don Quixote is so frequently exposed in his various adventures. But what are the unconscious indignities which he suffers, compared with the sensible mortifications which Falstaff is made to bring upon himself? What are the blows and buffettings which the Don receives from the staves of the Yanguesian carriers or from Sancho Panza's more hard-hearted hands, compared with the contamination of the buck-basket, the disguise of the fat woman of Brentford, and the horns of Herne the hunter, which are discovered on Sir John's head?

In reading the play, we indeed wish him well through all these discomfits, but it would have been as well if he had not got into them. Falstaff in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' is not the man he was in the two parts of 'Henry IV.' His wit and eloquence have left him. Instead of making a butt of others, he is made a butt of them. Neither is there a single particle of love in him to excuse his follies: he is merely a designing, bare-faced knave, and an unsuccessful one. The scene with Ford as Master Brook, and that with Simple, Slender's man, who comes to ask after the Wise Woman, are almost the only ones in which his old intellectual ascendancy appears. He is like a person recalled to the stage to perform an unaccustomed and ungracious part; and in which we perceive only "some faint sparks of those flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the hearers in a roar." But the single scene with Doll Tearsheet, or Mrs Quickly's account of his desiring "to eat some of housewife Keach's prawns," and telling her "to be no more so familiarity with such people," is worth the whole of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' put together.

Ford's jealousy, which is the main spring of the comic incidents, is certainly very well managed. Page, on the contrary, appears to be somewhat uxorious in his disposition; and we have pretty plain indications of the effect of the characters of the husbands on the different degrees of fidelity in their wives. Mrs Quickly makes a very lively go-between, both between Falstaff and his Dulcinea, and Anne Page and her lovers, and seems in the latter case so intent on her own interest as totally to overlook the intentions of her employers. Her master, Doctor Caius, the Frenchman, and her fellow-servant, Jack Bugby, are very completely described. This last-mentioned person is rather quaintly commended by Mrs Quickly as "an honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault." The Welsh Parson, Sir Hugh Evans (a title which in those days was given to the clergy) is an excellent character in all respects. He is as respectable as he is laughable. He has "very good dispositions, and very odd humours." The duel-scene with Caius gives him an opportunity to show his "cholers and his tremblings of mind," his valour and his melancholy, in an irresistible manner. In the dialogue, which at his mother's request he holds with his pupil, William Page, to show his progress in learning, it is hard to say whether the simplicity of the master or the scholar is the greatest. Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol, are but the shadows of what they were; and Justice Shallow himself has little of his consequence left. But his cousin, Slender, makes up for the deficiency. He is a very potent piece of imbecility. In him the pretensions of the worthy Gloucestershire family are well kept up, and immor-

talized. He and his friend Sackerson and his book of songs and his love of Anne Page and his having nothing to say to her can never be forgotten. It is the only first-rate character in the play: but it is in that class. Shakspeare is the only writer who was as great in describing weakness as strength.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. XCVIII.—A LOVE STORY REALIZED.

[We have given this title to our present Romane, because it is really like a "thing in a book." It might appear with advantage as an elegant fiction in an annual, or in any other medium through which the "course of true love" does occasionally "run smooth." It is taken from Mr Inglis's amusing work mentioned in our last, 'Solitary Walks through Many Lands.' When the author fairly recognizes his gallant friend again, married, and in so fitting a habitation, one fancies that the parties ought to have struck up a trio out of Mozart or Rossini, [the adventure is so very stage-like and operatic.]

CIVR, in the Netherlands, is in a manner joined to Charleroi, excepting that it is outside of the fortifications. It stands upon the Meuse in a wonderfully pleasant situation; but, after residing there for three months in Ardennes during winter, the first appearance of anything like a cultivated country in the opening of spring, and on a fine day, as this was, might seem somewhat beyond its real deserts. "Charleroi! Charleroi!" I repeated to myself several times, when, having inquired the name of the town on the other side of the bridge, I was answered, "Charleroi." I felt that it was associated in my mind with some past incidents. But what they were I was at first unable to recall. Suddenly it broke upon me; and I was sitting with Durand and Elize, in the salon at Avignon. Poor fellow! said I, aloud; for, somehow or other, I was firmly persuaded he had been killed at Waterloo. But, before proceeding, let me go back several years, to give the reader some information that may increase his interest in what I have to relate.

I was sitting upon one of the high grounds, on the road between Aix and Avignon, looking down upon the latter city, and buried in a deep reverie, not connected with Petrarch and Laura, but in which the history of the Popes was passing before me, when a step close behind broke the lengthened link of images, that, like wave on wave, had floated on the sea of fancy. It was a French officer who, with many apologies, hoped he had not disturbed the reverie of Monsieur. The interruption was rather in discord with the tone of my mind; but through the tinsel of French manner I thought I could discover something beyond the glitter; and it has ever been my rule in foreign travel, to encourage rather than repel the advance of strangers. I accordingly answered with what courtesy It was master of,—and we sat down upon the brow of the hill together. The secrets of a Frenchman, especially those in whose disclosure vanity may glean a little harvest, are seldom very closely prisoned; and I was soon master of his budget. He was quartered at Aix, and was thus far on his road to Avignon, to see the sweetest girl in all France, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and *jolie comme un ange*. He possessed, he said, a small independency in the North, near Charleroi, and was to be united to Elize in a few weeks. I, in my turn, told him that I was an Englishman, and a traveller, *pour plaisir*,—that I had come last from Lyons, and intended remaining a week at Avignon and in the neighbourhood, before taking the road to Nice. We descended to the city together, and speedily found accommodation, near the site of the Pope's dilapidated palace. My friend pressed me to accompany him to the house of Elize, who, he assured me, would be charmed to see me; but I excused myself on the score of fatigue, promising, however, to pay my respects the next morning. During the few days that succeeded my arrival at Avignon, Monsieur Durand was my constant com-

panion. He carried me to be introduced to his bride-elect, whom I found to be very far superior to the generality of French women; and I was daily indebted to her, and her amiable family, for the greater part of the pleasure I found at Avignon.

One morning, about a week after our arrival, I was surprised by the unexpected entrance of Monsieur Durand, for I supposed him to be at that time some leagues distance with a party to which I had been invited, but which I had declined joining, owing to my preparations for setting out on the morrow. I was certain something important had brought Monsieur Durand—though, from his countenance, I was quite unable to guess whether he came to communicate good or evil. He had just received a summons to repair instantly to Aix, to march with the troops to which he belonged, and join the army destined to oppose the progress of Napoleon—the news of whose disembarkation at Frejus had reached Aix but a few hours before. "My union with Elize," said he, "must be postponed for a little—until"—here he checked himself; but when I glanced at the cross of the legion of honour, and the medal, upon which were inscribed "Jena" and "Austerlitz," I had no difficulty in comprehending the cause of his hesitation. It would perhaps have been difficult for himself to tell, whether *l'amour*, or recollections of *la gloire*, were at that moment the more predominant. I parted from him with regret, because he was a kind and generous nature,—and with no expectation of being ever again thrown in his way; and when, a few months afterwards, I learned the event of the fatal strife, in which so many of his countrymen had fallen, I felt a severe pang for the probable fate of the open-hearted Frenchman.

Let me now return to Charleroi. It was a lovely evening; and when I had taken some refreshment, I left my auberge, to stroll a little way into the country. Chance led me to the banks of the Meuse; and, as there could be no pleasanter path than by a river side, I followed that which led up the stream. When I had proceeded about two miles, as nearly as I could guess, and when just about to retrace my steps, upon a sudden turning I came in sight of a cottage, which, for beauty, I had never seen equalled. It stood about a hundred yards from the river, with a garden sloping down to the stream. The cottage was cream-coloured, of one story only, and almost completely covered with the jasmine tree. The garden was one blow of early spring flowers: auriculas, polyanthus, primroses, daffodils, and many others, which my botanical knowledge does not permit me to name. I thought I had never beheld a spot of more sweet retirement, or one that I could more agreeably live in all my days. I was standing gazing upon it, thinking how happy its inmates might probably be, and had laid my hand upon the little wicker gate that led up the garden, merely by way of resting my arm, when the door of the cottage opened, and a lady, and then a gentleman appeared. I recognized them in a moment. It was Durand and his Elize!

We hear much common-place about the insincerity of the French; I wish to God all the world had half the sincerity of the French colonel at Civet. It has been my lot often to meet with a kind reception from strangers; and therefore it is, that I think more favourably of mankind, than misanthropes would make us believe mankind deserves to be thought of. This colonel had been rising rapidly in the French army, rising to power and riches; but through the intervention of my country, his master had been humbled, the army to which he had belonged, beaten, and he had had to endure the humiliation of seeing an English guard mounted at the palace-gates of his King; yet, if I had been directly instrumental in making his fortune, I could not have been received with greater kindness; but, indeed, after I had passed a night under his roof, it seemed to me that he had little to regret in the fall of his patron; and he appeared to feel no regret. Living in a beautiful country, in his own cottage,—with health and seeming competence,—blessed with the endearments of a domestic life,—an affectionate wife and two sweet children,—could he regret that the clang

of arms had passed away? Glory could indeed no more circumscribe his brows with the wreath of victory; but peace might be around him; and the interchange of affection and kind offices might hallow his home, and light him through all the journey of life. My income, said he, is 3000 francs a-year (120*l.* sterling). Half of that sum is my pay; and the other half is the interest of my wife's fortune. I have the cottage besides; I have all I desire; we live as we wish to live: there are my books—"voilà mes livres," said he,—not many, but choice; here are my music-books—Josephine and I sing duets; I work in my garden, from which we have fruit, and flowers, and vegetables, as many as we desire; I have a little horse in my stable—sometimes I ride him, and sometimes I put Josephine upon him, and then I walk beside her; I have a boat on the river, and in warm evenings we row out together, and sometimes we take little Henri.—Mathilde is too young; and at Charleroi I have one or two friends whom I see sometimes. I live nearly a thousand francs within my income,—so that I have no cares; for every deserving stranger I have a bed, and a place at my table. You see how we live, added he, (the conversation happening during dinner); stay with me as long as it is agreeable to you, we will make you as comfortable as we can; and when you go away, do not forget the cream-coloured cottage at Civet, and never pass within fifty miles of us without coming to see us. Josephine looked all that her husband said—and though it would be absurd to suppose any real sympathy between persons who knew so little of each other as myself and my entertainer, yet, after having been, during many months, alone, this address made me to feel my loneliness the more; and made me begin to doubt if nature had destined me for solitude. We cordially shook hands at parting, and I stepped into the boat which was to glide down the river.

I mentioned, in the first chapter I think, that this register is written from memory. I cannot, therefore, tell more than I recollect; and it is odd enough, that, tax my memory as I will, I cannot recall any thing of what I either saw or thought of, between Civet and Namur. I have nothing more than the recollection of gliding down the stream in a sunshiny day, and seeing picturesque banks; I must have passed through, or close to, the town of Dinant; but I recollect nothing of it. I think I was occupied with some vague dream about human happiness; but I am very sure that I came to no conclusion any way.

ANDREW MARVELL.

His genius was as varied as it was remarkable. In this volume he occupies a valued and respected place as an exquisite and tender poet—elsewhere he may stand in the first and very highest rank, *facile princeps*, as an incorruptible patriot, the best of controversialists, and the leading prose wit of England. His are the "first sprightly runnings" of that glorious stream of wit, which will bear upon it down to the latest posterity, the names of Swift, Steele, and Addison. Before the time of Marvell, wit was to be forced, strained and concealed. From him wit first came sparkling forth, untouched with baser matter. It was like his personal character. Its main feature was an open clearness. Mean detraction, or sordid jealousy never for an instant stained it. He turned aside in the midst of an exalted panegyric to Oliver Cromwell, to say the finest things that have ever been said of Charles I. He left for a while his own wit in the "Rehearsal Transposed," to praise the wit of Butler, his rival and political enemy. As a poet, Marvell was true, and this is the grand point in poetry. He was not of the highest order, nor perhaps in even a high order, but what he did was genuine. It is sweetness speaking out in sweetness. In the language there is nothing more exquisitely tender than the "Nymph complaining for the loss of her Fawn." Such poems as this and the "Bermudas" may live, and deserve to live, as long as the longest and the mightiest. Of as real a quality are the majority of the poems of Marvell. In playful and fantastic expression of tender and voluptuous beauty, they are well nigh unrivalled. His fancy, indeed, sometimes over-masters him, but it is always a sweet and pleasant mastery.—*Book of Gems.*

TABLE TALK.

GRANDEES MADE BY A MARQUIS.

Talking of Spanish Grandees, Don Ferdinand de Toledo told me, the other day, an affair pleasant enough: His father-in-law, who is the Marquis de Palacios, lives at a horrid profuse rate; for it seems he is one of the professed gallants of the ladies of the palace—and to arrive at that eminence, he must exhibit both a great deal of wit, and abundance of magnificence. Now there was a public festival appointed by the King; and the Marquis wanted money to appear there. He is Lord of several towns; and as it came into his head to go down post to these towns; and as soon as he arrived, he causes papers to be put up, specifying, "That all those of that town which desired to be made Grandees, should directly come to him." There was

not either justice, burgess, or tradesman, who was not instantly filled with the most vehement ambition, and desires of grandeeship. The Marquis's house was crowded with all sorts of people; he came to terms with them every one by himself in private, got as much money as he could out of them, and then made the whole posse be covered before him, and gave them patents in form just as the King does, when he makes a Grandee. His invention succeeded too well in the first town, not to be practised in the rest. The Marquis found everywhere the same disposition to give him money, and be gifted with Grandeeship. And at length he gets together a considerable sum; away he comes, and makes a splendid show with it at Court; but, as a man is seldom without enemies, so there were some persons that had a mind to make use of this pleasant frolic to put him out of the King's favour. His Majesty was told of it, and the Marquis justified himself well enough by saying, that all those to whom he had granted permission to be covered before him, being born his vassals, they owed more respect than to dare to take this liberty without his leave, and that, therefore, he had made them Grandees, *as to himself*. And after this the matter was looked upon as a merry jest.—*Madame d'Aunis' Travels in Spain.*

SPIRITUAL BEINGS.

Can any good understanding, duly weighing the works of God, believe that all the celestial regions, and the whole ethereal space, are empty voids, and free from all visible and rational creatures, except a few human souls?—*Burnet on the State of the Dead.*

AN UGLY NIGHT-VISITANT.

Monsieur Comminge (a French gentleman, whose story is related by Madame de Murat) travelling into Berry, was obliged one evening to put up at a wretched inn, the master of which (knowing the quality of his guest) received him with great respect and civility, at the same time making a thousand apologies for not putting him in his best apartments, as they were already occupied by some travellers, whom he durst not venture to turn out. There only remained a very bad apartment below stairs for M. Comminge, and a closet, in which they contrived to make up a bed for his friends, who travelled with him. The weather being exceedingly cold, they made a very good fire, and gave them a tolerable supper. As they were to set off betimes in the morning, M. Comminge proposed their going early to bed, and ordered his *valet-de-chambre* to leave a candle burning upon the table. The two friends, who were greatly fatigued, went each to their bed, where they slept as sound as if they had slept on beds of down. But by the time Comminge was well settled in his first sleep, he was awakened by his friend, crying out with all his force, "Help! help! something strangles me!" But Comminge being very drowsy, and giving little attention to what he partly concluded was the effect of his own imagination, went to sleep again. In a short time after he awoke again full of inquietude; he called to his friend, but received no answer: he then got up, and taking the candle, went to the closet; but what was his astonishment, when he found his friend motionless, and seized by his throat by a dead man loaded with chains! It is easy to conceive the distress of Comminge, who was like one distracted at the sight of so horrid a spectacle! He instantly called out for help, and in the same moment the master of the house appeared, who was thunderstruck when he saw what had happened. Comminge allowed himself no time to inquire into this mystery, till he had first endeavoured to recover his friend, in whom he perceived some signs of life. The barber of the village was immediately called in to bleed him, and every remedy they could think of was tried to recover him, but it was with the greatest difficulty they were able to disengage him from the dead man, who had fast hold of his throat. Meanwhile Comminge learnt from his host, that the ostler had been some time out of his mind, and at last grew so furious, that they were obliged to chain him down in an outhouse close to the stables; but, having broken loose, he had entered the closet by a little door, which was very near the place of his confinement; and they imagined he came with an intention to breathe himself a little on the bed, which he saw was making up for the gentleman, from a hole in the outhouse which was left open for air. The gentleman, who recovered in a few days, protested that he never in his life suffered so much; and believed it would be some time before he could be free from that horror of mind, which such a shocking accident had occasioned.—[The reader of this anecdote will call to mind the story of the bearded old man and the raven, in one of Smollett's novels: There are several instances on record of the like adventure.]

EXQUISITE EPITAPH.

Wotton's two lines "upon the death of Sir Albert Morton's wife" have been justly celebrated as containing a volume in seventeen words:

"He first deceas'd; she, for a little, tried
To live without him—liked it not, and died."

Book of Gems.

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

HOLMAN'S TRAVELS.

A Voyage round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australia, and America, &c. &c., from 1827 to 1832. By James Holman, R.N., F.R.S. Vol. IV. London: Smith and Elder.

This is the concluding volume of an interesting work, which, together with the peculiar condition of its author, we have spoken of several times already. Our readers will remember that our sympathy for this blind traveller has not been deficient in warmth, and that our admiration of his contentedness under the dreadful privation of sight, of his active curiosity, and his perseverance in overcoming obstacles, has not been expressed in a cold or stinted manner.

Of Mr Holman, personally, we need say nothing more, and the best way of making this short notice useful, will be to tell our readers what the volume contains. It opens with a short account of the Andaman Islands, the well-authenticated cannibalism of whose inhabitants the author rather unreasonably doubts. Penang, Malacca, and Singapore are next visited, and then Mr Holman proceeds to China, and spends a considerable time at Macao and Canton, where he ardently devotes himself to the task of obtaining information concerning that mysterious government and people. He then sails through the Straits of Banca and Sunda, visits the Coroas or Keeling's Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and arrives at Van Dieman's Land. From Hobart Town he goes to Sydney in New South Wales, and then shapes his course homewards by New Zealand, Cape Horn, Bahia, Flores, &c. The countries included in this last volume are more interesting, perhaps, than those treated of in the three preceding volumes; and the blind traveller seems to have been even more than usually fortunate in this portion of his circumnavigation, in meeting with gentlemen well qualified to give that information which his misfortune prevents him from obtaining of himself. There is a personal interest which can never be detached from his books, but Mr Holman's correctness of description and information must always depend a great deal on the character and talent of those of his countrymen whom he meets on his way.

Mr Holman confirms the accounts given by Mr Lindsay, Mr Gutzlaff, and other recent travellers, concerning the unpopularity of the Chinese Government, the extensive existence of secret societies to overthrow it, and the bare-faced manner in which smuggling is carried on in defiance of the most severe laws.

The Chinese, as we have mentioned on a former occasion, are immoderately fond of opium, and continue to procure it, and consume it, although by law they thus incur the punishment of death; but we were not before aware that they had succeeded in cultivating the right kind of poppy in their own country. Mr Holman, however, says that it has been successfully cultivated in the West of China; that in 1830 a very fair sample of opium of their own making was examined by the house of Messrs Jardine and Matheson at Canton, and that it has since formed a very profitable article of trade. Hitherto the English and Americans had supplied them with the indispensable narcotic, which was brought from our possessions in India, as also from Turkey. The Chinese, like the Malays, and other neighbouring people, smoke their opium, and do not eat it like the Turks. Mr Holman tried two pipes at Canton, but it gave him a head-ache, without any of the pleasurable sensations generally excited by the drug. His account of the tedious etiquette and obstinacy of the government authorities, and of the quarrels touching arm-chairs, servants, and the exclusion of all European women from Canton, is frequently amusing; and as our author was there on the grand occasion of Mrs Baynes's residence at the factory, when matters seemed tending to extremes, he had a good opportunity of learning all about it.

The Viceroy, the Hong Merchants, and the Mandarins, insisted that Mrs Baynes should go—the English in the factory insisted that she should stay—

"And so, between 'em both,
They made a pretty fray;"—

and as the Viceroy threatened to send a military force to reduce the barbarians to submission, they began to put the factory in a state of defence, without much fear of the millions of Chinese in its immediate neighbourhood.

"In consequence of the threat, the Committee, who had previously been obliged to employ a few British sailors to guard the entrance of the Factory, sent for a couple of 32lb. caronades, a quantity of small arms, and a proportionate number of officers and seamen from each of the Hon. Company's ships. A regular guard was thus at once established for the protection of British life and property. I have always entertained but one opinion in reference to our connection with, and policy towards the Chinese. We have treated them with too much forbearance. They have all the braggart, as well as all the recreant qualities of cowardice in their nature. If we were to make a decided demonstration of hostility, we should speedily obtain all that we require at their hands. A few British men-of-war would shatter the flimsy armaments of China, with as much facility as our presence, even in slight numbers and without power, keeps their vagabond multitudes in check, in the suburbs of Canton."

We have no doubt whatever that in resorting to hostilities with so unwarlike a people as the Chinese, we should immediately carry everything before us, at least in the maritime provinces; but a lasting occupation would be difficult, and of no profit to us; and we are not quite convinced of the morality of attacking them at all, however much their anti-social, trade-restricting government may seem to exclude them from the laws of nations.

Mrs Baynes, "the lady in question," who, contrary to all precedent, had accompanied her husband (the chief of the factory) from Macao, where women are permitted, to Canton, where they are prohibited, was quite a heroine, for modern times; but she must excuse us, and so must Mr Holman, if we have laughed heartily at the notion of comparing her to Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort!

"In the course of the morning," says our author, "I called on the chief of the factory and his lady, and found them both on the point of leaving the house for the purpose of visiting the defences that had been prepared to resist the Chinese authorities. The place began to assume something of the appearance of a fortification; for, besides the two caronades brought from Whampoa, there were a few small brass guns that had been some time in the factory, and upwards of a hundred seamen, who were all well provided with arms. Mrs Baynes, in thus accompanying her husband to view these warlike preparations, reminded me of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Tilbury Fort on the expected invasion by the Spanish Armada."

Mrs Baynes, with her spouse, certainly would never have reminded us of the virgin Queen; yet we are assured that her name has been registered in the pages of Chinese history. Other English ladies followed her example and their husbands to Canton, and so gave origin to a series of squabbles between us and the Chinese, which lasted from 1830, to the death of Lord Napier, in 1835; and which do not seem to be quite over even now.

A few months ago, fears were entertained that, in consequence of these bitter quarrels, John Chinaman would give us no more tea, and that we should be deprived of the most universal and indispensable of all our luxuries. Had this happened, there is not a washerwoman or any other hard-working woman in the kingdom, but would have set down the heroic Mrs Baynes as a disgrace to her sex, and the arch-enemy of tea-drinking humanity. For ourselves, we always thought the stoppage of the trade would be only temporary—and so it proved. But on so very serious a point a few more words of consolation may not be wholly thrown away.

We beg, therefore, to state a confident opinion, that we need be under no alarm as to our future

supplies of tea. The interests of the two disputing parties are too deeply and equally involved, to permit them to remain long at enmity on the grounds of idle ceremony. The sapient government may make all kinds of flourishes upon paper, and impudently assert that the Chinese have no need whatever of commercial or any other relations with the barbarians; but the utter falsehood of such bravadoes is felt by every man that values a good cloak to his back, or a good watch, or pen-knife, or that prefers good things which are cheap to bad things which are dear; and the government and everybody else in China know very well, that were the foreign trade in tea (their great staple) stopped for any length of time, and the barbarian purchasers (as they call us) driven from the market, hundreds of thousands of Chinese would be reduced to beggary and starvation. In that strange country, an enormous population presses too closely on the means of subsistence to permit any long tampering with one of the most important occupations and valuable resources of the people. Were the Emperor in blind obstinacy to persist in intercepting the trade, and closing the port of Canton against us, the fair traders would become smugglers, and the ports of Amoy, Teen-tsin, Fuh-chow-poo, and other places along those immense coasts, would supply our ships with tea, buy our manufacture, opium, &c.; while the country junks, which already do a great deal of business in that way, would, in increased numbers, repair to our establishments at Sincapure, and sell to us, and buy from us, even more than they now do. Edicts would be fulminated from Pekin, but the experience of ages has taught us their inefficacy. The Mandarins and local authorities far away from the centre of government would flourish these documents before the eyes of the smugglers with one hand, and take their bribes with the other, just as they do, and have long done (even at Canton), with the smugglers of opium. There does not exist the government capable of coercing the trade of three thousand miles of coast; and were such a crazy power as that of China to attempt it in earnest, and partially succeed by measures of blood and terror, it would provoke an insurrection that might drive the unpopular reigning Tartar dynasty beyond the great walls. Disaffection is already widely spread—the secret political societies to which we have alluded, and whose object is to overthrow the present dynasty and government, that were imposed on the country by force and conquest, exist in every large city of the empire, and have their converts and allies in every country that borders upon China, and in all the islands of the Chinese seas. The empire that we have dreamed of as being the abode of perpetual tranquillity and obedience, is rent and torn by frequent insurrections, and gives every sign of falling to pieces.

Mr Gutzlaff, Mr Lindsay, and all recent travellers, who have had opportunities for an extensive observation, are agreed on these points, as also in stating that the people themselves are most anxious to trade and associate with Europeans, and constantly loud in their complaints against the restrictions laid upon them by government, and against the corrupt and unprincipled Mandarins. Mr Lindsay says,—

"The character given of their rulers I confess surprised me much, till the daily repetition of such sentiments from all classes of Chinese convinced me not only of the unpopularity of the government, but also that the people dare give utterance to their grievances." *

It is insisted by some parties at home that, in communicating with the Chinese Viceroys and Mandarins, our diplomatic agents should comply with all their ceremonies, and go through whatever degrading prostrations they choose to propose. We think this advisable only to a certain extent, and that we shall always be quite right in refusing to treat with

* Report of Proceedings on a Voyage to the Northern Parts of China, &c. Extracted from papers, printed by order of the House of Commons, relating to the trade with China.

them, except as equal with equal. The arrogance and obstinacy of the Chinese ministers and officers have always increased in proportion to the humility and concessions of the Europeans; and when the foreign Ambassadors and agents have complied with everything exacted from them, the Mandarins have despised and ill-treated them, and never ceded a single point on their side. The dignified demeanour of Lord Macartney, and the firm, or stern conduct of Lord Amherst, did not, it is true, procure any advantageous terms, or any change in their jealous system from the Chinese; but neither did the Dutch Ambassador, Van Braam, who went between them, and who did everything he was told to do without remark or murmur, and prostrated himself on all occasions, and bowed and knocked his head to the earth, as if he had been an automaton, the springs and wires of which they held in their own hands. Macartney and Amherst, however, met with respect and good treatment, whereas poor Van Braam was harassed and half-starved on his journey, and on his arrival at Pekin was thrust into a half-ruined stable for a lodging,—the stable being at the very time half-full of cart-horses; and after he had stayed a short time at the capital, during which he was never permitted to open his lips about the business on which his countrymen had sent him, nor to hold any communication with the European missionaries there, he was carted and boated out of the country in the most indecorous manner.

Had the obedient, passive Dutchman thrown the costly presents he carried, into the China sea, and performed his innumerable *kotous* in his cabin on board ship, he would have been just as useful to its commerce, and would have saved the honour of his country.

The advocates of the East India Company's monopoly of the Chinese trade have made use of many arguments to show why it should not be abolished, and to prove that free-traders, unconnected with each other, or with any powerful body, can never maintain successful and friendly commercial relations with the Chinese. We will not count to these gentlemen, how many times (even within the last twenty years), those relations were interrupted, or how many quarrels, much more serious than the recent affairs of the ladies and Lord Napier, happened, under the old system, when the Company had everything in its own hands, and there was a unity of power and purpose. But we will state a few reasons, which, in our humble opinion, tend to shew that it is at least probable, that our intercourse with China will be much more promoted by the new, free-trade system, than ever it could have been by the old monopoly.

The fame of that wonderful association, the "Company," is spread nearly all over Asia, from Turkey and Persia, to Corea and Kamschatka, and its history is pretty well known. At first, a weak English ship or so appeared at the ports of India, humbly requesting permission to sell or exchange their goods—then came larger ships, and in greater number—then, through the good graces of a native prince, they were allowed to erect a factory, which was in the beginning no stronger than that which now exists outside of the gates of Canton, but which became the nucleus of a vast foreign empire.

Then territorial acquisitions were made by money; and then, through a rapid succession of events, the humble trading company having become diplomats, arbitrators in the disputes of the Indian princes, soldiers, and conquerors, the greatest empire in the East was established, and the outposts of the troops of these merchant-kings brought within hail of the guards on the Chinese frontier.

Although the Chinese are bad geographers, and know little of the affairs of other countries, they knew all this very well, and trembled at it. Under a show of pride, pomp and mightiness, they felt their own weakness, they were aware of their own internal dissensions, and they dreaded that the Company, beginning in the same way with a counting-house and factory, would repeat in China what they had done in India. They could not draw a distinction between the sense,

feeling, and authority of the government of England—an island, according to their notions, situated at the utmost extremity of the earth, and the will and power of the Company in India, close to their own doors. They saw at Canton a regular organized body, acting with the uniformity and decision of government delegates—they saw stupendous ships, totally unlike the mere traders of other countries, with numerous and well-disciplined crews, stately officers, artillery and all the appurtenances of war, and they every year heard fresh accounts of the increase of the Company's territories. In these circumstances their dread and hatred of the East India Company can scarcely be considered as unreasonable; and it is because the new system will go to remove these feelings, that we think it calculated to improve our commercial relations and facilitate our intercourse with them.

Now, as the free trade develops itself, and private speculators enter the market, they will see men, without any strict bond of union, acting singly, and each for himself, as mere merchants and traders, selling, buying and departing from their ports without any concert or arrangement between themselves, or any declared connexion with or dependance on the conquering Company. The ships will be in size and appointment more like the merchantmen of other nations; everything will wear a less imposing aspect; and the plain dress of four skippers, and even the less strict discipline and the vagaries of the sailors, will contribute to reduce the jealousies and apprehensions of the Chinese, and, perhaps, in the end, convince them, that we aim not at settlement or conquest, but seek for fair exchange of commodities with them, and nothing else.

As we have been rather argumentative and serious during the last column or two, we must try and finish with something merry. Eating and drinking are, generally speaking, as merry as most subjects. We will then give Mr Holman's description of a Chinese dinner of superior quality, at Canton.

"Mr Copeland and myself accompanied Mr Reeves and his son to-day, to dine, *à la mode Chinois*, with one of the Hong merchants, named Tin-qua; whom we found, on our arrival, ready with two of his Chinese friends to receive us. On dinner being announced, we were conducted to a circular table, and each of us provided with a pair of ivory chop-sticks mounted with silver, a silver ladle with the handle much curved, a small cup of soy, a saucer or stand for the bowls out of which we were to eat, and an elegant silver cup richly gilt, with two handles, mounted on a stand of similar material, and resembling in form an inverted saucer. This cup was used for drinking suey-sung, the wine of the country, and did not contain more than the old-fashioned Chinese tea-cup; but after drinking the health of one of the party, it was usual to turn the inside of the cup towards him to show that it was empty. The wine was presented to us boiling hot, and our cups replenished at every remove. In addition to the above, each European was supplied with a knife and fork, and some bread. The table was laid out with eight small dishes, containing articles to whet the appetite; such as cold dried pork, called chin-chew, grated so fine that it resembled red-coloured wool; small chips of dried salt fish and ham; roast chicken, cut into small pieces shaped like dice; pig's tongue; salt fish, torn into shreds like flax; legs of ducks, cured in the same manner as hams; and a salad, composed of greens, onions, garlic, salt fish, and eggs, mixed up with tar-oil. These delicacies were cold, remaining on the table throughout the entertainment, and were paid uncommon attention to by the Chinese, at every opportunity afforded them by the removal of the bowls. The dinner commenced with a large bowl of bird's-nest soup, from which each person helped himself. We found it very insipid until flavoured with soy, as the necessary condiments of salt and pepper seem to be wholly neglected in Chinese cookery. The second dish was shark's-fin soup, with balls of crab, followed by divers others, among which was a vegetable soup, made of prepared sea-weed from the coast of Japan. This weed, which is called tay-chocy, resembles, in its

dried state, the pith found in the hollow of a quill, but in the soup its taste is similar to that of celery. There were also in this soup slices of young bamboo, and roots of the white and water lily, each having a peculiar and agreeable flavour. After the soups came stewed mutton, cut as fine and tender as vermicelli; the gravy delicious. This was followed by roasted pigeons' eggs in a very rich gravy. We found it no easy matter, however, to transfer these eggs from the bowl to our cups by the means of the chop-sticks. The Chinese do not clean or change their chop-sticks during the dinner, but each thrusts his own into every dish, and helps himself throughout the repast. They also consider it exceedingly polite to help a foreigner with their chop-sticks, after having eaten with them themselves from various dishes. Next came roasted pork, the skin of which was served up by itself as a peculiar delicacy, having been fried brown in fat, and cut into squares. Roast capons followed, and were found exceedingly tender, having been fed on ground rice. Stewed teal was then served, followed by stewed pigeons, mushrooms, ducks, fish, and a numberless variety of dishes, of the names of many of which we were, of course, ignorant. At the conclusion a large bowl of rice was served up, as hot as possible, with sundry square pieces of salt fish to give it a relish. To eat a bowl or two of this rice at the 'wind-up' of a hearty dinner is considered by the Chinese as a sign of a good constitution (one thing is pretty clear, that it is a proof of a strong and capacious stomach), and our friends attacked it accordingly. We had neither butter nor cheese on the table, as the natives do not milk their cows in the neighbourhood of Canton, and foreigners are therefore obliged to provide themselves with cows for their own purposes. Our host adopted the English custom, and set the example of drinking wine with each other; while we, at the same time, followed the Chinese mode of salutation, repeating the word chin-chin, and inclining the cup towards the person whose health we drank, to show that we had emptied its contents.

"Wine fills the veins, and healths are understood. To give our friends a title to our blood."—*Waller.*

"This wine is extracted from rice, and though by no means strong, has rather a pleasant flavour. They drink it exceedingly hot, with the idea that it is an *appetizer*, and assists digestion. It seems to be used on the same principle as the warm liquor of the Roman epicures, which enabled them to continue at supper all night long. We had a dessert of preserved and dried fruits, followed by tea; after which we took our leave."

THE NEW POOR LAW.

A Letter to the Industrious Classes, on the Operation of the Poor Laws, as affecting their Independence and Comfort: By John Leslie, one of the Vestrymen, and a Governor and Director of the Poor of St George's, Hanover Square, London. Pp. 12. Svo. London, 1835. Twopence.

This is a pamphlet which we consider to be calculated to do as much good as any production of the press which has come into our hands for some time. It contains an admirably distinct and intelligible outline of the history of our poor laws—as plain and effective an explanation as we have ever seen, of the mischiefs operated in all directions by the system lately abolished—and, finally, a statement of some of the effects that have already followed from the improved mode of management now in the course of introduction, which can hardly fail, we should think, to tell upon any honest understanding, however prejudiced.

This is not to be looked upon as a subject of party politics; for, although the honour of originating and carrying through the late reform of our Poor Laws belongs to the present government, the measure has been, and still is, both supported and opposed by men of all parties. It is to be regarded merely as a great economical experiment; and, as such, it must be matter of the deepest interest to all who concern

themselves about the welfare of the most numerous class of their fellow men.

Mr Leslie has put a very low price upon his pamphlet, for the purpose of its extensive distribution; and we are persuaded he will consider us as assisting his object by transferring to our columns a small portion of his interesting and valuable statement. We select the following passage, which contains several facts that have not till now been laid before the public:—

" You may be inclined to say, how comes it then, if this be true, that there is so much noise against the new Poor Law Amendment Act? In reply, I would remind you, that in 1832 seven millions of pounds were expended in the attempt to relieve the poor, of which two-thirds, or probably five millions, were given in money out of the workhouse in occasional relief; which money went to pay the exorbitant rents of your cottages,—was often by the parents spent in beer-shops and gin-shops,—and in the payment of exorbitant prices for the little necessities of life in the village shops.

" This Poor Law Amendment Act is death and destruction to these and all other jobbers with the poor's fund, who have prospered upon your wretchedness and misery; and hence there are innumerable interested parties anxious to cause a clamour against it. You must therefore be upon your guard against the hosts of corruption which are

arrayed in opposition to the return to the principles of Queen Elizabeth's plan to relieve the poor. You have a most important duty to perform to yourselves and to your families. These jobbers on the distresses of the poor, will tell you—they want to drive you all into the new workhouses, to shut you up for ever, and to starve you: but the real intention of the change in the law is to restore the industrious labouring classes to independence, to redeem them from the horrible slavery into which the proceedings of 1795 have plunged them. So far from the withdrawal of out-door money allowances increasing the number of inmates in the workhouses, which is so boldly asserted by the opponents of the Poor Law Amendment Act, let me request your attention to the table which follows, upon which great care has been taken to obtain accurate information of the progress of pauperism in an extensive parish, in which I have the honour to be one of the governors and directors of the poor. The table embraces the periods from 1795, to Michaelmas-day 1835.

" The following table shows the progress and decline of pauperism, in the parish of St George, Hanover Square, London, from 1795 to Michaelmas-day, 1835; founded upon the numbers actually in the workhouse each year, the numbers admitted to the workhouse each year, and the sums spent in each year in out-door money allowances, in relation to the whole population of the parish, as it varied during the forty years.

may be made a desirable home. Those moral pestilences, 'the beer-shops,' may very easily be put down by encouraging the poor to brew for themselves. How can this be done? How can the poor provide brewing utensils? This obstacle may be overcome by every liberal landlord, without any loss to himself worthy to be named in comparison with the moral benefit produced. This is no theory! It has been most successfully carried into operation in Lincolnshire, by Lord Willoughby de Eresby. The beer plan is, simply permitting the industrious labourers of good character to join together in companies of twenty; each company appoints two of their number to manage the brewing; his lordship allows the use of his brewhouse at Grimsthorpe, and according to the quantity of malt and hops each of the twenty contribute to the common store, so do they receive an equivalent from the general produce of the beer.

" By such a combination of means the cottage of a labouring man becomes a desirable home, to which, after his day's labour, he can return and spend his time in the midst of his family; he then has no inducement to resort to the beer-shop to pass away an idle hour in the company of the drunkard and the vicious. Moreover, such a system produces the best possible consequences, in the prudence and forethought which it gives rise to. On Lord Willoughby's estate, some of the allotments are of grazing-land, and the individuals who occupy them have, by their prudence, been enabled to purchase cows; they have also formed a club to insure themselves against loss by the death of their cows: this little society was formed in June, 1832; threepence in the pound on the value of the cow is the entrance money, and sixpence in the pound is the yearly insurance. Fifteen guineas have been subscribed by honorary members, the balance now in favour of the society is 47l. Os. 7d., and they have actually forty-two cows insured.

" The industrious classes, from this little example, may draw the most salutary and instructive lessons; following out the same principle will enable them to form self-supporting dispensaries,* by which means they shut one of the chief avenues to pauperism, parish medical relief, and obtain for themselves the assistance of the medical man they themselves may choose."

In conclusion, we have to repeat our warmest commendation of the whole pamphlet, and our opinion that its wide circulation, not only among the labouring classes, but among their superiors also, would be an important benefit to the community. |

* H. L. Smith, Esq., Southam, Warwickshire, the benevolent originator of these Institutions, will give the plans.

TRANSLATION OF MARCO VISCONTI.

Marco Visconti: A Romance of the Fourteenth Century.
From the Italian of Tommaso Grossi. By Miss Caroline Ward. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

We believe we were the first to introduce this very clever Italian historical romance to the notice of the English public. We spoke highly of the original, some months ago, and we are now glad to see what is, on the whole, a very respectable translation of it. There are a few mistakes, particularly in rendering the more antiquated and more idiomatic turns of expression; but, generally speaking, the sense is well caught, and the book, which is very creditable to Miss Ward, reads almost like an original composition.

The occasional verses are not very happily rendered; they are in many cases unlike the sense of the Italian originals, and in no case like good English poetry. These, it appears, are not done by Miss Ward, but by a gentleman who, on other occasions, has produced original poetry of very considerable merit.

We recommend this work to such as cannot read 'Marco Visconti' in the original.

The article in our last number on Mr Willis's 'Pencillings by the Way,' having been accidentally sent to press without undergoing the revision of the Editor, contained several typographical errata, of which, however, the following, which makes nonsense of the passage, is the only one that we need notice:—In p. 430, col. 3, l. 54, for "in the present style of the servant's hall," read, "in the purest style of the servants' hall."

LONDON:

CHARLES KNIGHT, 22 LUDGATE STREET.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney street.

Periods to which the following columns refer.	Workhouse poor, in proportion to the population of the parish.	Admitted to the workhouse during each year, in proportion to the population of the parish.	The following sums multiplied by the whole population of the parish during each year referred to in first column, give the annual amount of money allowance out of the workhouse.
1795 to 1801	1 in every 44	1 in every 20	2s. 2d.
1801 to 1810	1 ————— 53	1 ————— 29	2 10
1811 to 1821	1 ————— 54	1 ————— 27	4 9½
1821 to 1831	1 ————— 71	1 ————— 33	5 13
Year ending Lady-day, 1832	1 ————— 66	1 ————— 29	5 4½
Year ending Lady-day, 1833	1 ————— 67	1 ————— 27	5 7
Half-year, ending Michaelmas, 1835	1 ————— 95	1 ————— 265	0 10

" Such was the progress of pauperism under the system of 1795. A gradual return to the principles of Queen Elizabeth's plan was commenced at Lady-day, 1833; in every column an immense reduction took place; and the first half year, from Lady-day to Michaelmas, 1835, of the third year of the return to Queen Elizabeth's plan, shows the almost incredible reduction of pauperism in two years.

" This is an important document for the consideration of the industrious poor; it is not drawn up to mislead, but solely for the purpose of giving accurate information with respect to the rise and fall of pauperism in a most extensive parish, containing between sixty and seventy thousand inhabitants, in which the death-blow to the system of expending the poor's fund, upon the plan of 1795, was struck at Lady-day, 1833. During the year ending on that day there were upwards of 6000 paupers weekly receiving money from the poor's rates; and you will perceive that 1 in every 67 of the whole population of the parish was in the workhouse; 1 in every 27 of the whole population was during that year admitted to the workhouse; and the sum given in 'Occasional relief' during that year, amounted to a sum of 5s. 7d. multiplied by the whole population of the parish. Look again at the result of two short years of a return to the system of Queen Elizabeth, and you find in the table that 1 in 95 instead of 1 in 67 was in the workhouse; you find that 1 in 265, instead of 1 in 27 was admitted to the workhouse; and that 20d. instead of 5s. 7d. multiplied by the whole population, will give a sum more than sufficient for the expense of out-door poor for the whole year; the sum of 10d. in the table being the expense of the half year from Lady-day to Michaelmas.

" But you will say, what has become of the people who received relief in and out of the workhouse in 1833? They have, to the extent of many hundreds, been traced into beneficial employment, living and supporting themselves by their own industry; and thus have they, by a change of system in the admi-

nistration of the Poor's Fund, been made to exchange the degrading situation of paupers for a station among the independent industrious working classes.

" Among the important advantages to the poor, by the change of system, there is one fact which must not be omitted—that, during the last 18 months, with the single exception of a child to go with its parents to the adjoining parish of St James's, on the 8th December, 1834, there has not been one person removed from the parish of St George, Hanover square; the principles of Queen Elizabeth's Act have been successfully applied to those who had not a legal settlement in the parish, as well as to those who had; and the fund raised for the relief of the poor has been expended to relieve destitution and promote industry.

* * * * *

" Were it possible to obtain the opinions of the industrious classes throughout the country, I doubt not, but their decision would be pronounced against the change of Queen Elizabeth's law in 1795, and the ruinous effects which that change and the Speenhamland magistrates' regulations have occasioned to the industrious poor.

" The industrious classes must be deeply sensible, that the wages of honest industry is the proper source from whence they and their families can be maintained in respectability, and therefore must be desirous of that protection, from wise laws, which will enable them to exercise their labour in that market where it is best encouraged. But the tremendous operation of the fund for 'the relief of the poor' against the poor themselves, cannot be counteracted in a moment; the evils of forty years' existence cannot be overcome in a day; yet, by a wise and prudent conduct on the part of the various boards of Guardians of the Poor, by a prudent and peaceable conduct on the part of the industrious poor, the operations of the return to Queen Elizabeth's law will be much facilitated; by a liberal and enlightened view of this important subject on the part of the wealthy landowners, the legitimate comforts of the poor may be greatly increased, the cottager may, without much sacrifice, be made the immediate tenant of the owner of the soil; there should be no middle-man between the rich proprietor and the occupant of the cottages on his estate: the rent should at once be reduced to the rental of 1795; allotments of land requiring no sacrifice of rent to the landowner, but affording the industrious man comforts which he cannot otherwise obtain, should be more extensively given—by these means the cottage